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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

Emily Jermya L









*—To complete their pleasure the Gardener
threw some crumbs of bread into the Water &c.*

See page 71

London, Published by Harvey & Darton, June 24th 1824.

THE
JUVENILE GARDENER.

WRITTEN BY A LADY,

FOR THE

USE OF HER OWN CHILDREN,

WITH A VIEW OF GIVING THEM AN EARLY TASTE
FOR THE

Pleasures of a Garden,

AND THE STUDY OF BOTANY.

“ What tho' I trace each herb and flower,
That drinks the morning dew ;
Did I not own Jehovah's power,
How vain were all I knew.”

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THE

Juvenile Gardener.

A GENTLEMAN named Vernon, lived in the country with his lady and his two children, a boy and girl. The boy was six years old, and was called Frank: his sister was two years younger, and named Agnes. They were very good children, obedient to their parents, attentive to their lessons, civil to the servants, and kind to animals; therefore their papa and mamma often bestowed rewards, but seldom found it needful to inflict punishments upon them. Frank could read very well, and wrote very

neat copies; he could also spell correctly, and had begun to learn geography, and to read history. His papa had given him some dissected maps, which were a great assistance to him on these subjects, as well as an amusement for his leisure hours.

Agnes was only beginning to read and spell: her mamma was teaching her to sew, and had given her a little silver thimble, and a work-box to keep her thread and needles in; and Agnes was such a neat little girl, that she never went to play, without putting her work, and all that belonged to it, into her box, that she might know where to find each little article, when she wanted it. The winter had passed away, and Frank had made such rapid progress in his lessons, that Mr. Vernon was much pleased with him. As a reward, he gave him a piece of ground

for a garden, and desired the gardener to prepare it for him. A warm border, under a high wall, was chosen; and as soon as the weather was fine enough to allow little boys to work out of doors, our young gardener began his new employment.

Mr. Vernon had bought a spade for Frank, a rake, and a hoe; and early in March the new garden was ready for seeds and plants. "But before you begin, Frank," said his papa, "I give you notice, that I expect you will be industrious, and attend to William's directions, and keep your ground free from weeds, and put away all your tools in their proper places, when you have done working." Frank promised to obey his papa in all these particulars; and Mr. Vernon left him to the direction of William, his gardener.

“Master Frank,” said William, “what do you intend to have in your garden this summer?” “Oh,” said Frank, “I must have roses, and tulips, and peas, and cabbages, and fine fruits, and all kinds of things that grow.” “Then,” said William, “let me explain to you why you cannot have all you wish this year. As for tulips, it is now too late to plant them, and if we planted rose-trees, they would not bear flowers this summer: then fruit-trees would take up more room than you have to spare; so I fancy you must be content with a few vegetables, and some flowers which will grow from seeds sown this month, and I promise you we shall have variety enough.” “I am quite content,” said Frank; “and papa promised, that if I attended to your instructions this summer, I should have a larger piece of

ground next spring." William was very glad to hear that it was in his power to oblige Frank; for all the servants were fond of him, he always spoke so civilly to them, and never *showed any impatience* if they were not ready to serve him the moment he desired it, as too many little boys and girls are accustomed to do.

Frank's mamma had desired him to cultivate a few wild flowers first; for then he would be more able to attend to richer flowers, when he had gained a little knowledge by beginning with such as were hardy. Besides, she said it would teach him to value the most simple works of nature, as well as the more splendid tribes of Flora; and all are alike the work of the Giver of all good things.

Frank, attended by William, went into the fields, and soon returned with a basket full of suckers from the wild roses and woodbines which grew in the hedges; and roots of the sweet-scented violet, the yellow primrose, and the cowslip, which grew upon the banks; and these being all planted, William added a few crocus, snowdrop, and narcissus roots, and promised to give Frank some seeds of annual flowers, when it was time to sow them. Frank asked the meaning of the term *annual flowers*, and was told, that they are flowers which grow from seed sown the same year, and when they have done flowering, produce other seeds, and decay before the winter, never to appear again. "But all those roots we have planted," said William, "will remain in the ground and

produce flowers, again and again, though the stems and leaves decay.”

Frank had told his papa that he found William's wheel-barrow too heavy for him to wheel away his weeds in; and one morning the carpenter arrived with a painted wheelbarrow, made on purpose for him, by his good papa's directions. Frank set to work, and hoed up the grass which was beginning to grow in his gravel walk, and tossing the weeds into his barrow, he wheeled it away, and left it at the place where all the rubbish of the garden was laid; then having raked the gravel over, he saw, with pleasure, that all around his little property was neat and clean. When he had done working, he put away all his tools in the garden-house, and left every thing in order.

William now showed him how to sow a

row of peas, a row of beans, some radishes, cresses, and mustard; and after making a trench with a hoe, he cut a dozen of potatoes into pieces: every piece had a spot upon it, which is called an eye, and from these spots the new roots proceed. Frank placed them at regular distances in the trench, and then laying a little manure on them, covered them up with earth. The addition of a few cabbage-plants, filled up the ground which was allotted to vegetables; and he surrounded his little territory with strawberry-plants, from which he hoped to gather fruit, and present some of it to his mother.

When the weather was dry, and the gardener thought it time to sow the

flower-seeds, he gave Frank some sweet peas, lupines, larkspurs, and mignonette. When these seeds were deposited in the earth, the little garden was completely filled, and promised our young gardener a great variety. Whenever Frank saw a weed appear, (for William had taught him to distinguish them from other plants,) he carefully drew it up, and threw it away. His mamma having made him a present of a little watering-pot, he never neglected, when the weather was dry, to make use of it. He paid many an anxious visit to the spot, before he was gratified with the sight of his hidden treasures. At last he was delighted, one morning, to observe the snowdrops and crocuses putting forth their green leaves, and very soon they were ornamented with their beautiful white and yellow flowers. Next

the pale and delicate primrose came in view; and Frank had the pleasure of presenting his mamma with the first fruits of his industry. She accepted with pleasure the simple spring nosegay, together with a little basket full of violets, which shed a grateful perfume over the room. In the mean time, the peas, beans, cresses, and mustard, had all appeared above ground; and the potatoes shot up their green tops, to the great delight of their owner. In a few weeks the flower-seeds came up, and Frank was taught how to thin those that were sown too thick, and to transplant such as he wished should increase and spread. One day, Frank and his sister were invited to dine with their papa and mamma; and a fine salad was set on the table, composed of lettuces, radishes, and cresses, from Frank's garden; and Mrs.

Vernon said they were the finest she had eaten of that year; and Mr. Vernon observed, that it was all owing to Frank's industry, in keeping his garden clear of weeds, and watering it when it was dry: and sweet to our young gardener, was the praise bestowed upon him by his papa and mamma. The little Agnes, when she walked in the garden with her mamma, was greatly pleased to watch her brother, busily employed with his spade or rake: sometimes she was allowed to help him to water it; and her mamma told her, that when she was a little older, she would give her some ground for a flower-garden to herself.

The peas had now grown so high, that they required some support. Frank got some slender willow branches, and stuck

them in a row on each side of the peas, to prevent them from falling on the ground; and soon the pretty white flowers appeared, which withered in a few days, and falling off, were succeeded by the green pods which contain the peas. The beans also grew tall and strong; and the stalks were surrounded with flowers of purple, mixed with white, which sent forth a very fragrant smell; and these were soon succeeded by the large woolly pods of the beans.

From time to time, Frank had used his hoe for raising the earth round the stalks of his potatoes and cabbage-plants, and his labours were at length rewarded by seeing a dish of his early cabbages placed

on the dinner-table, of which the young gardener was asked to partake. When the potatoes were ready, Frank took his spade, and loosened the earth from around the stalks, and gently drawing them up, the round white roots were easily shaken off, collected in a basket, and taken into the house, to be prepared for the dinner-table. The peas and beans, of which Frank had taken so much care, had already been gathered, and the little garden began to assume a more barren appearance than it had done: yet it was always neat, for Frank, like a good workman, had constantly taken away all the dead stalks of cabbages, peas, beans, and potatoes, and given room for the more showy and ornamental part of his property. The lupines with their bright yellow or blue flowers, the sweet-scented pea

of a delicate pink colour, the patches of larkspurs of various hues, and the fragrant mignonette, rendered it still valuable to Frank; and not a morning passed, but he presented a nosegay to his mamma, which was often allowed a place in one of the flower-vases in the drawing room.

Frank was not well pleased, that the wild roses and woodbines had not produced him flowers, as well as the seeds which he had sown, and talked of rooting them up, but his papa said: "Have patience, Frank; wait till next summer, and then you will probably see the produce you wish for. Had I been as impatient as you are, I should never have had either peach, nectarine, or apple, or pear; for all these trees require some years to arrive at perfection: and there are some fruit-trees, which do not bear fruit for ten or twelve

years. And you know that all the magnificent trees of the forest require a much longer time even than this, to come to their full size and beauty: the noble oak, in particular, is nearly one hundred years in attaining a great height and breadth. This plantation of flowering shrubs, which you call the new walk, will not exhibit much beauty for the next five or six years; but we shall, every summer, have the pleasure of seeing them increase in height, and acquire larger branches."

When the months of August and September had passed away, the blooming pride of the little garden quickly diminished; and Frank appeared sorry to bear away the last dry stalk of his once pretty

flowers; and having dug and raked the earth over, he left with regret the spot which had afforded him so much amusement. But his papa soon banished his sorrow, by telling him that every season has its pleasures, and as he had been so industrious during the summer, he should now assist the gardener, in the autumn, to save the various vegetable and flower-seeds, for the use of the next year; and also help to gather the winter fruits in the orchard. Frank was much pleased with the new task assigned him; and he did not eat even an apple without leave, though surrounded with them. The apples, pears, quinces, medlars, walnuts, and filberts, were arranged in a house for the purpose. The autumn passed away, the trees lost their leaves, the fields presented a dreary prospect; and when the snow

began to fall, and the long evenings set in, Frank acknowledged, that every season has its pleasures, when he saw the blazing fire, and shared in the Christmas gambols, which his papa had allowed to take place, with some of his young companions, who were invited to spend the holidays with him.

On New-year's day, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon distributed some presents among the children; and Frank was not a little pleased with his gift, which proved to be a magic lantern, with a variety of glasses, on which were painted beasts, birds, fishes, and views of cities and towns, with many other instructive and amusing subjects. In the evening, Frank assembled his companions in a small room, which had a white curtain hung against one of the walls; and opposite to this, the magic

lantern was placed upon a table. When Mr. Vernon had prepared the glasses for exhibition, he ordered the candles to be taken out of the room, and by the light reflected from the lantern, the children beheld all the figures, moving on the wall, nearly as large as life. Mr. Vernon took the trouble of explaining the subjects, to the great amusement of the young party.

Frank was a grateful boy, and always wished to be able to make some return to those who had done him any favour: his grandpapa having presented him with a guinea, he asked his papa if he would allow him to expend part of it on a new-year's gift for the gardener, in return for the trouble he had taken in teaching him to cultivate his little garden. Mr. Vernon was much pleased with his son for his kind intention, and granted his request;

telling him that, for one half of his guinea, he might purchase a very useful gardening book, which was just published, and which Mr. Vernon ordered his bookseller to send him.

In a few days the book arrived, and Frank never felt more happy in receiving a gift, than he now did in presenting one to William, who was much pleased with it; and Frank had the pleasure of hearing the praises of his papa and mamma, for spending his money in so judicious a manner, in preference to purchasing toys, or sweetmeats, for himself; and he obtained many indulgences from his good parents. He applied so assiduously to all his lessons, during the winter, that when those months had passed away, his improvement in all he had been taught was very great. And now the snow was fast disappearing,

the green fields showed themselves once more, and Frank began to think of his garden, and to remind his papa of his promise, that he should have a larger piece of ground to work upon this year. Mr. Vernon took him to the garden, and William soon pointed out a shady border which he could spare. Immediately he began to dig it over for him, as Frank was not old enough to use the spade much in digging, which requires a good deal of strength.

Towards the end of February, nature began to put on her verdant robe, the mildness of the weather promised an early spring, the birds began to build their nests, and here and there a daisy showed itself in the grass; a few little lambs were

frisking beside their mothers, and every thing seemed to wear a cheerful appearance. Frank observed the husbandmen actively employed in the fields; and when he saw how eagerly William took advantage of the fine weather, to plant and sow, he collected his tools together, and regularly worked an hour or two every day. William gave him some strawberry-plants, with which he formed a border round his garden, to save room. He found his wild rose-trees and woodbines full of buds, and the crocuses and snowdrops were already in flower. On one part of his ground he sowed the seeds of early vegetables; and when he had finished his own work, he begged his papa to allow him to assist William occasionally, that he might become acquainted with the names of the trees, shrubs, and roots, which he planted;

and as Mr. Vernon wished to encourage his taste for gardening, he gave his consent. His mamma also promised to give him some information relative to the various plants in her flower-garden.

One part of the kitchen garden was set apart for the hot-beds, and William sowed the seeds of cucumbers and melons in small pots, which he placed in the hot-beds. The heat which arose from the manure underneath, being prevented from escaping by the glass frames above, soon brought up the little plants. The warmth of the sun, penetrating the glass, made them grow and spread very fast; but without manure and glass frames, these plants would not grow in this country, so early in the spring, as they are natives of

a hotter climate. William also planted potatoes in a hot-bed, that he might have some ready for the table, earlier than they could be raised in the natural ground: also early radishes, lettuces, and other salading, and many sorts of flower-seeds, to be ready for transplanting into the flower-garden, when the weather was milder. One day, Frank observed William cutting off branches from the nectarine, peach, apricot, and other trees, which grew against the walls, all round the garden, and he was quite sorry to see the boughs, loaded with pretty pink flowers, cut off and cast away; for he imagined the blossoms would all have become fruit, had they been left on the trees; but William told him, that there were too many flowers to come to perfection, and had

every blossom produced fruit, it would have been very small, as the trees were overloaded; but by taking off the superfluous branches, the flowers which remained would become fruit of a larger and finer sort; and this operation, he told Frank, was called *pruning*. The apple, pear, and plum-trees, on the walls, next appeared in blossom, as the shelter afforded them by this means makes them flower long before trees of the same kind in the orchard.

When William was sowing the early vegetables, Frank desired him to teach him how to distinguish the different seeds; and by examining them attentively, he soon knew those of the carrot, turnip, spinach, onion, celery, and many others. The seeds of the leguminous tribe he was already well acquainted with: such

as peas, beans, and the scarlet and white French bean; and he could cut a potatoe into sets as well as the gardener. With a little tool, called the hand-hoe, he assisted in clearing the strawberry-borders from the dead or withered leaves; and he got strips of matting, and helped to tie the raspberry-bushes in regular bunches. William showed him how to prune the gooseberry and currant-bushes of their superfluous branches; many of which he planted in a bed of earth, and in time these small cuttings became fine young trees for transplanting.

William and his young assistant now gave their attention to the flower-garden, and proceeded to dig all the earth round

the flowering-shrubs, and prepared the beds in which the choice flower-roots were to be planted, by raking them over; and when all the weeds and dead leaves were cleared away, and the gravel-walks put in neat order, Frank begged his mamma and little Agnes to come and see how industrious he had been. Mrs. Vernon was quite pleased with him, and told him the names of all the flowers which were so early in blossom. Besides the crocus and snowdrop, there were aconites of a golden hue, in the form of a buttercup, which, with their leaves and roots, are very poisonous. Mrs. Vernon charged Frank and his sister never to taste any plant which they met with, unless they knew it to be eatable; for many little boys and girls have lost their lives by eating plants of a poisonous nature. Little bunches of

hepatica, with pink or lilac flowers, enlivened the borders; and the showy, yellow daffodil, and various-coloured polyanthus, with the large-leaved saxifrage, formed a tolerable variety. Mrs. Vernon pointed out a little shrub, covered with small pink flowers, strongly perfumed, but which had not a green leaf on its branches. It was a mezereon, whose flowers appear before the leaves: it bears a pretty green berry, which afterwards becomes red, and is poisonous. The dwarf almond-tree had also produced its early blossoms of delicate pink colour. Frank gathered his mamma some sweet-scented violets from his own garden, and Mrs Vernon allowed him to take some large purple double violets, from a bank which was covered with them, and which she put into her drawers,

for the sake of their perfume. Having stopped to admire the stately form of the crown imperial, with its large yellow flower, which resembles a cup turned downwards, Frank and his sister were much surprised, when their mamma cut off a single flower, and showed them the inside of it; for on each coloured leaf of the cup there appeared to be a drop of liquid, and the part which contains this liquid, botanists call the *nectary*. The nectar of plants is sweet, like honey, and is collected by the bees. They next examined some plants which the gardener had sheltered with glass frames: they were in pots, and the flowers were thus brought forward some weeks sooner than if they had been unprotected from the weather. Agnes compared the auriculas to flowers painted on velvet, and the silky

richness of the surface renders it a good comparison. They were of various colours; but those most esteemed by the florist are covered by a white mealy substance, like powder, and without this they are not considered valuable. There were also hyacinths in full bloom, red, white, blue, and yellow; and the fragrance of these fine flowers is equal to their beauty. Some patches of hardy *Ericas* or Heaths also were in flower; but most of the plants of this tribe are kept in the stove or green-house, being natives of warmer climates, and the variety is wonderful. "You know, Frank," said Mrs. Vernon, "that the stable-brooms are made of bunches of heath, which the country people cut from the moors, where it grows, and they call it ling. We must not forget this little, unobstrusive plant, with its pale

blue flower: it is a *Veronica* or Speedwell: it has much the appearance of the flax-flower, which grows in the fields, from which plant all our linen is made. I will some day show you this most useful plant, and tell you what a process it goes through before it becomes thread." Frank thanked his mamma for her explanation, which he promised to remember; and told her he should watch the growth of the flowers, which were budding, and then he should gain further instruction.

The weather being dry, the two gardeners had recourse to their watering-pots. Frank weeded his radishes, and thinned them, by drawing out those which were largest. To his great delight, he

found enough to make a little dish for the table, which he carried to his mamma. All the other seeds were coming up, and William began to sow the flower-seeds in great variety. These are of three kinds, called *annuals*, *biennials*, and *perennials*. The first grow and flower the first year, and then die away; the second kind appear the first summer, but seldom flower till the second, when they fade and die; but the third are those plants which grow from seed, and continue several years, though most of them perish to the roots when the flower fades; but these roots remain in the ground, and put forth fresh leaves in the spring: for instance, the hollyhocks, the evening primrose, some sorts of lupines, and many others.

As soon as the seeds were sown, William placed close to each patch a little

bit of painted wood, marked with letters, showing the names of the several expected plants; such as mignonette, larkspurs, sweet peas, China asters, &c. Frank also attended to the dressing of the herb-beds, and saw William take slips from the large plants of sage, balm, thyme, and others, which he planted and watered, to make them take root. He also sowed a great deal of parsley-seed, for the benefit of the cook, who prepares few dishes without this useful herb: indeed, all those already mentioned are much used in the kitchen. But there are several plants which are called medicine-herbs, because they are chiefly used by the druggists in making medicines: such as the peppermint, the camomile, rue, hyssop, balm, &c.

One day William was employed at the side of some long beds, putting something

into a small basket, which he cut from the earth with a knife; and on Frank's coming up to enquire what he was doing, he told him that he had been cutting the heads of asparagus, which is an early vegetable, and a favourite with most people: he tied them in bunches, and sent them to the cook, and Mrs. Vernon allowed Frank to taste them at dinner. She also told him, that the shoots which are considered too small to cut for the table, are left on the bed, where they grow very high and shrubby, and produce beautiful red berries in the autumn.

Frank and his sister had one day at their dinner a tart, which they thought very good; but they did not know what it was made of, till their papa took them into the garden, and pointed out to them a bed of plants, with very large leaves,

which he called rhubarb: he took up a leaf, and cut the thick stem from it, which he told them was used for tarts, and which was much esteemed, as being so much earlier than fruits of any kind. Mr. Vernon also showed them some plants of the same species, which furnish the well-known medicine called rhubarb; but the roots only of this kind are used. "There are few plants," said Mr. Vernon, "which are not of some use to man, either to afford food for himself or the animals he feeds upon. Many of them provide us with clothing: as, for instance, the flax and the cotton-shrub. A great variety of them enter into our medicines; whilst others furnish most of the dyes with which our clothes are made of so many different colours, to please the eye. Perfumes are chiefly extracted from

herbs and flowers; and it would be a tedious task to tell you all the benefits we derive from the vegetable world. Even the separate parts of plants are of use. The roots of some, the branches of others, the bark, the leaves, the flowers, the fruit, the seeds, the stalks, and the buds, all are useful; and should we not be grateful to the mighty Giver of these good things, who sends fine showers to fertilize the earth, and light and warmth to bring his productions to perfection?

Frank was much struck with the appearance of some large pots with covers on them, which William had placed in a row, and surrounded with manure. Hav-

ing called Frank and lifted the cover, he desired him to look in. Frank saw a fine plant of sea-cale, the stalks of which were white, owing to their being forced by the warmth from the manure, and by their being covered up from the influence of the sun and air. This vegetable is much esteemed, coming so early in the spring, when we have but little variety.

Frank next visited the cucumber and melon-beds, and was surprised to see the progress the plants had made in a short time. They had spread over the earth, and were full of pale yellow blossoms: a few small cucumbers were already formed; so much does artificial heat assist us, in raising the luxuries of the table. Frank helped William to transplant from the hot-beds, some of the mignonette plants, which he put into pots and boxes, and

arranged some of them, in stands made for their reception, in his mamma's dressing-room. They also planted out balsams, capsicums, tricolors, and several other tender plants, which are a great ornament to the drawing-room, when crowned with their flowers.

Mrs. Vernon, accompanied by Agnes, again visited the flower-garden, and many new species had bloomed since their last conversation. The day was unusually fine, and the heat of the sun had opened a great many tulips. "These splendid flowers, children," said their mamma, "come from the continent, particularly from Holland, where the natives attend carefully to their cultivation; and so fond are the Dutch of these flowers, that they will give the most enormous prices for the roots of those they consider the finest.

They make these flower-roots a part of their trade, and export them to other countries. Many of those you now admire, came from Holland last autumn. The gardener takes care of the young offsets at the roots, and they produce fresh flowers in two or three years. All the colours of the rainbow may be seen here. Those which are *double* are most valued by the florist; but they have no perfume, as if nature had thought the great beauty of their appearance sufficient to attract one of our senses, without giving them more subject for admiration.

“Mamma,” said Agnes, “I have found out a bed of flowers both beautiful and sweet: you may smell them at this distance.” “Those fragrant flowers are called hyacinths,” said Mrs. Vernon: “they are also imported from the con-

continent, but thrive very well with us. I know not which to admire most, the beauty of the flower or its delicious sweetness. They are chiefly pink, blue, or white, and sometimes yellow; but the latter are scarce. I will have some roots put into glasses in the autumn, and you shall see them grow by means of water; perhaps treating you with their flowers at Christmas, on the chimney-piece. We next come to a bed of rich flowers, called ranunculuses. They differ from those we have examined, in their manner of growing. These have small fibrous roots, like threads: you know, the others had solid roots, called bulbs. Perhaps you will not guess that these dazzling flowers are nearly allied to the common yellow field-flower that you call a buttercup? They are of the

same genus or family; and these are as common in some parts of Asia, as buttercups are in this country. We have an infinite variety of them, and you may find seven or eight species of the flower in the same field; but you must know a little of botany, before I can point out to you the differences by which you may distinguish them. I will tell you now, that your favourite bachelor's button, Frank, is one of the ranunculus tribe. Do you remember the name of that flower near you?"

"Oh yes, mamma! it is the same as those we had in pots, under glasses, in February: it is an auricula."

"I am glad to observe," said Mrs. Vernon, "that you remember the instructions you receive; and I assure you botany can never be learned without attention, nor even the names of plants in common use. But it

is your dinner-hour. We will go into the house, and I will accompany you hither again in an hour's time."

The dinner being over, Frank and his sister were soon in the flower-garden; and when Mrs. Vernon joined them, Agnes pointed out some elegant yellow flowers, which perfumed the air around them. "They are jonquils," said her mamma, "and their delicacy of form is admirable: the slender stalk, the long narrow leaf, and pretty flower, engage the eye, whilst we are regaled with the scent, which is equal to that of the hyacinth, in my opinion. Here are a variety of narcissuses, both single and double; some white, others with a golden-coloured cup

in the centre of the flower, others mixed with yellow. These are all bulbous-rooted, like the hyacinth. These scarlet and purple flowers are anemones: they are hardy, flower early and long, and the double ones are much prized. The little white flower which grows in the wood, which you call the windflower, is the wood anemone: it is very ornamental at the foot of the trees, and were it not so common, would be much admired in our gardens; but you know there is no flower too simple to find a place in mine: for instance, that cluster of primroses and cowslips. I need not tell you, Frank, that those are polyanthuses. You have some in your own garden. They are of the same family as the auricula, and the variety is great. Some are rich, like velvet; others pale and delicate, others va-

riegated. But attend to these exquisitely delicate flowers: the large green leaf appears to be formed to shade their pretty white heads from the sun."

"They look like snow-drops," said Agnes. "They are lilies of the valley," replied her mamma: "their scent is delicious. Frank, take this knife, and cut a few of them. When you are older, Agnes, you shall learn to draw; and then you may copy flowers from nature, which is a charming amusement. When we return to the house, I will show you some of the beautiful plates in the Botanical Cabinet. Many of them are taken from stove-plants, which you have never seen, and which are very rare; but when you go into Hampshire, to visit your aunt, you will see them in great perfection." "Mamma," said Frank, "what is the rea-

son that William is taking some of the young fruit from the apricot and peach-trees on the wall? he will leave us none to ripen, I am afraid." "Do not fear," said Mrs. Vernon: "when gardeners take off the young fruit, it is a sign there is plenty to spare, the crop being too abundant. They are obliged to thin them; for if they were all to remain on the tree, there would not be room for them to enlarge and ripen. But observe William at work. He takes off such as grow in clusters, and these young apricots make very good tarts. As the day is so warm, we will go," continued Mrs. Vernon, "and take a walk in the wood; and I expect, Frank, that you will tell me the names of several of the trees, now they are covered with their foliage; for it is easier to ascertain their difference by the

appearance of their leaves; than by the naked trunks or branches."

They soon entered the wood, and Frank pointed out the noble and stately oak, with its numerous and knotty branches, many of them some centuries old; the beech, with its bright green leaves and fine bark: the fir, and the birch, with drooping foliage, also attracted notice. Mrs. Vernon pointed out the elm, the sycamore, the poplar, and the horse-chestnut, with such remarks as would make the children remember them another time.

This evergreen climbing-plant, which has taken possession of the oak near you, is the ivy: it covers many trees, and also runs over old walls and ruins: it bears a black berry, which the birds feed on in the spring. Here is also a plant of the

mistletoe: it grows out of the bark of forest-trees, where it strikes root; and you must remember, Frank, how much the Druids, in ancient times, esteemed this plant." "Yes: they cut it with a golden sickle, and made an offering of it to their gods!" "It has also been used," said Mrs. Vernon, "in decorations at rural feasts, particularly at Christmas; but it is now little esteemed, and is indeed seldom met with. I need not tell you, that this tree, with the prickly leaves, is the holly, though it has none of the red berries on it at this season. This showy, flowering shrub is the common broom; and this low bush, whose flowers are of the same colour, is the gorse or furze; and lower still, and covering the ground, is the common heath, whose minute flower is well worth inspection. It

is now time to return to the house; and there is your papa coming to meet us."

Frank often walked with his papa in the fields, and the latter never failed to give him the information, on the subject of agriculture, which was suited to his years. He soon became acquainted with the different crops of grain, which he saw on the ground; and also with the names of the grasses in the hay-fields.

Wheat, barley, oats, and rye, are the principal kinds of grain cultivated in this country, and chiefly for the use of man. "You have long known, Frank," said Mr. Vernon, "that bread, which we call the 'staff of life,' is made of wheat; but

in many parts of the north of England, and very generally in Scotland, the natives live on oatmeal, made into cakes; and barley, you know, is made into malt, and is the principal ingredient in ale and beer. Rye, in this country, is mostly used for feeding pigs; though in some countries the poorer inhabitants mix it with their wheat-flour, because it is cheaper. You have so often seen your poney enjoy his hay and beans, that I need not say why we cultivate such useful plants; but horses also eat a great quantity of oats. One hay-field produces an infinite variety of grasses, and many beautiful wild flowers, which, on examination, afford much pleasure to the botanist. The sweet-scented vernal grass is the only one which gives out a perfume; and we are indebted to it for the grateful odour we

inhale, when the grass is cut down, and which continues to flavour it when dry. I believe, Frank, you and your sister call these golden flowers, which grow amongst grass, buttercups; but you will not guess what a variety of them may be found in the same meadow. They are called *ranunculi* or crowfoot: the first appears in March, and is succeeded, during the summer, by seven or eight other kinds, all very common in this country. There are several sorts of *potentilla* also, whose flower has some resemblance to your buttercup; but unless you know a little of botany, I cannot point out to you the difference; but I hope one day, you will take pleasure in learning that agreeable science, which will make your country walks interesting, and open your eyes to the minutest objects, formed by a Divine

hand. We may well exclaim: 'Behold the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these!' Amongst the grass, we have also a great variety of the pretty blue-flowered veronica. We have several wild geraniums, many kinds of daisies, rockets, and blue-bells, many of which have been transplanted into our gardens, and, from a change of soil, or some accidental circumstances, have become the rich double flowers, which the florist so much admires. When you begin to learn botany, you shall make a *hortus siccus*, or collection of dried plants, which will be a great amusement to you; and you cannot have a better assistant to apply to, than Mr. Curtis's London Flora, which is one of the best

books we have on the subject of British plants: the plates are well coloured, and the whole work is arranged in a superior manner. If you remind me in the evening, I will show you and your sister the plates, and I dare say you will meet with some of your vegetable acquaintances.

The flowering shrubs were now adorned with their various blossoms, and Mrs. Vernon was reminded, by her children, of her promise: she accompanied them to the pleasure-ground, which was a scene of beauty and fragrance. "That elegant tree," said Mrs. Vernon, "whose pendant burden of yellow flowers seem to be dropping on the walks, is the laburnum:

the blossom is succeeded by a pod, which contains small black seeds, which I have seen children string for necklaces. I think you know these lilacs, Agnes: what a rich perfume they cast around; but we do not enjoy it long, for the blossoms are soon gone. This smaller kind is called the Persian lilac; and here is one with white flowers. This bushy tree, with white flowers, is the *Syringa* or Mock Orange, so called from its great resemblance, both in the structure and the fragrance of its blossoms, to the tree which bears that delicious fruit.

“This delicate little shrub is the *hypericum*: the slender branches are covered with its minute blossoms, so that it looks as if it were powdered. That is a white-flowered broom; and these yellow ones are too well known to need any re-

mark, except that this species with brighter green branches, comes from Spain. That shrub, with bushy spikes of pink flowers, is the *spirea frutex*. I have heard little boys call it the fox-tail-tree. These wood-bines, Frank, are of a larger and richer kind than your honeysuckle of the hedges. This tree with the yellow flowers is particularly fragrant. Here is one of the most elegant of shrubs: it is the *Robinia*, or Rose Acacia. The blossoms are formed like a pea-flower: the colours are beautiful. They grow in drooping bunches, amidst their delicately-formed leaves, and the branches are thorny. This ornamental shrub is the double-blossomed cherry, but it bears no fruit. That tree, which may remind you of snow-balls, Frank, is the Guelder rose: it makes a pretty variety amongst the others.

This large bed is entirely filled with American plants. We do not see them in much perfection in this country; for neither the soil nor the climate suits them, though the gardeners try every means in their power to cultivate them, both on account of their beauty and their variety. Those shrubs, with such rich clusters of purple flowers, are rhododendrons: there are varieties of many other colours. That low shrub near it is an *Azalea*, or American Honeysuckle: the flowers are truly elegant. This shrub, with the delicate little bell-shaped flowers, is the *Arbutus*, or Strawberry-tree, so called from the resemblance its fruit bears to the strawberry; but it is only eaten by birds. These low plants, which cover the ground, are chiefly *Ericas* or Heaths, and *Daphnes*. They are well worth a closer inspection;

and we will take a sprig of each sort into the house, to examine with the microscope. Now for a more common shrub, Agnes: you can tell us the name of this.”

“It is a sweet brier, mamma. I know it well; for I once pricked my fingers with its thorns, in trying to get a branch of it.”

“These buds,” said Mrs. Vernon, “will soon become little single roses, very like the eglantine or wild brier rose in the hedges; and its fruit is like the hip, whose fine red colour decorates the tree in autumn. This tall, straggling shrub, with its red flowers, is the cinnamon rose. It is the earliest we have, if we except the Chinese monthly rose, which often produces flowers the whole winter. But it is time to return to the house; and as we pass by the orchard, we will take a peep at the fruit-trees, which are in blossom.”

“Why, mamma,” said Frank, “the trees are covered with blossom: what a quantity of apples and pears we shall have!”

“Not so fast, Frank,” said Mrs. Vernon: “many accidents may happen to prevent your prophecy from being fulfilled: high winds and heavy rains may demolish the flowers; and even when the young fruit is set, there are often swarms of insects which destroy it: so that we must not depend upon present appearances. Observe this tree with smooth slender branches; it is a quince: the blossoms are larger than the flower of the apple or pear; and its golden-coloured fruit is chiefly used for preserving. Those tall trees with bright polished leaves, are walnut-trees; the fruit is not yet large enough to be seen: when it is taken from the trees green and young, it is pickled; but when it comes to matu-

rity, I need scarcely tell you it has a hard shell and white kernel, of which you have sometimes partaken. The filberts, and other nuts, are so small, and so concealed amongst the leaves, that they are not yet to be seen without difficulty; but when they are ripe enough to eat, I dare say you will find that difficulty has vanished. The plums and damsons are set, their flowers were white, and much like the cherry blossom. But the grass is long, and we must not venture further amongst the trees, till it is cut down."

The month of June was drawing to a close, when, one day, Frank entered his mother's dressing-room with a cabbage-

leaf in his hand, which contained a few strawberries, the first produce of the plants in his garden, which he had watched with great anxiety for several days, that he might give them to his mamma, who was much pleased with his attention. As Frank did not show the least wish to take any himself, Mrs. Vernon told him and Agnes to eat some; and they both thought them the most delicious fruit they had ever eaten: so much satisfaction do we derive from that which has called forth our industry and exertion. Every thing at this time looked blooming, both in the kitchen and flower-garden: in the former were seen crops of peas and beans, ready for gathering; other crops in flower, and others just coming up, that there might be a constant succession during the summer and autumn. The cauli-

flowers made a show with their large white heads, surrounded with green leaves; and there were also kidney beans, with their fine scarlet flowers, climbing up the long stakes which were placed to support them. Various herbs were in flower, and amongst these were seen many tenants of the bee-hive, enjoying themselves; for these little creatures are said to be particularly fond of the blossoms of aromatic herbs, such as thyme, balm, &c. Mrs. Vernon had a great number of bee-hives, placed in a spot of ground suitable to them; and though Frank often went with William to the bee-garden, yet he never ventured too near the hives, for fear of disturbing any of the inmates, and being stung by them. He knew his mamma was so fond of her bees, that she would

not permit any of them to be destroyed for the sake of their honey, thinking it a great cruelty, as there are means of procuring it without depriving the industrious insects of life. Frank and his sister were allowed to gather a few strawberries every day, because they are considered very wholesome fruit, when they are ripe; but they never took more than filled the little willow baskets which their mamma had given them: and while they were enjoying the pleasures of the garden during this lovely month, the children wished it would last for ever. The gooseberry-trees began to look very tempting; and the red, white, and black currants, hung in luxuriant bunches from the bushes. The cherry-trees afforded a beautiful sight; and Frank took great delight in watching the various little birds, hopping from branch to

branch, and pecking at the fruit till they left nothing but the stalks. He was too well disposed, to grudge the cherries and currants to these little creatures, and had often heard his papa say, "there is plenty of fruit for us all." Nevertheless, William was not so charitable, for he often brought a poor bird to the ground with the aid of his gun; as he could not bear to see his finest fruit become their prey, notwithstanding the many nets and mats placed to defend it.

One day, Mr. Vernon informed the children, that he intended they should accompany their mamma and himself on a visit into Hampshire, to see their uncle and aunt, and some little cousins. They promised themselves much pleasure from the excursion; though Frank felt some regret at the thought of leaving his gar-

den for two months, which time Mr. Vernon said they should be absent. But William, who was ever ready to oblige his young master, promised to keep it in proper order till his return.

During the few days that remained previously to their leaving home, the children were much in the garden. Each day brought some fresh flower into blossom, so that the parterres were a scene of great variety and beauty. Most of the rose-trees were adorned with their exquisite flowers. Mrs. Vernon told them, that the rose was always considered the queen of flowers, being a combination of beauty, elegance, and fragrance. The variety is very great:—

almost every country has its native roses. "I will give you," said she, "some idea of the different kinds that you will commonly meet with in other flower-gardens, as well as in mine. This richest of all roses, the moss-rose, takes its name from the fragrant covering nature has given it: the scent of the moss alone is very delightful. This large, solid rose, is commonly named the cabbage-rose: the petals, or leaves of the flowers, are innumerable, and it seldom expands till ready to decay. Here is a large and spreading rose of two colours, which you will easily remember again, as it is named the Union Rose, from the mixture of the red and white in it; and you know, Frank, the red rose, and the white rose, were emblems of the houses of York and Lancaster,

who were united by the marriage of Henry the Seventh with the daughter of Edward the Fourth. That delicate-looking rose is called the blush-rose, because the pink colour is dark in the centre, and gradually becomes paler, till it is nearly white at the outward part. Now we come to some roses of a more diminutive kind. Here is the rose de Meaux: what beautiful little flowers it has! we may wonder how the branches support such clusters of them. And here is another still less. This miniature rose is the Burgundy rose: its flower looks like a crimson daisy, the petals are so small. All these were originally natives of France, and we are constantly getting new varieties from that country. We are also indebted to other parts of the continent for many species; and we have some very valuable sorts

from Persia and China. Those roses which grow on the trellis near the house, are the Chinese ever-blowing roses, whose delicate blossoms we have great reason to prize, as they continue with us so much longer than any of the others. They are very hardy, and are now so common, that almost every cottage is decorated with them. As to the native English roses, I believe we cannot boast of any, except the wild rose of the hedges; so that we are greatly indebted to our neighbours for our luxuries of every kind. That fine dark crimson rose is called the damask; and what a beautiful contrast it forms to the pure white rose beside it. The deep-coloured red rose near you, Frank, is the common officinal rose: the red leaves and buds are gathered and dried, and used in medicine. What was the name of that

rose I showed you last month, Agnes, with its flowers red on the outside, and yellow within?" "It was the Austrian rose, mamma. There is not one left; they were very early, and soon decayed, and had no perfume, but rather a disagreeable smell." "You are right, Agnes," said her mamma; "and I am glad to hear that you remember what I tell you; next summer, I hope you will be able to tell *me* the names of any flowers I point out to you." "Yes, mamma, I hope I shall; and perhaps you will allow me to look at the plates of some of your botanical books, which will help me very much." "Well, my dear," said her mamma, "when the winter evenings arrive, we will amuse ourselves by looking at the plants in Sowerby's British Botany, and Curtis's Botanical Magazine, where we shall find all

the beauties of Flora. I must not forget to tell you, that the most rare and valuable perfume we have, is extracted from roses: it is called attar of roses, and is chiefly manufactured in Persia, where they have large plantations of roses, for the purpose of distilling; and the odour is so powerful, that it may be perceived at some miles' distance. It is very dear: that bottle of attar which I have shown you, was brought from the East Indies by your uncle. The French are celebrated for their skill in extracting perfumes from all the odoriferous flowers, which arrive at great perfection in their fine mild climate."

"How sweet," said Frank, "is this mignonette: I think it is finer than that which grows in the pots." "Yes," said Mrs. Vernon, "because the plants in the

house have not had the advantage of the sun early in the morning, neither of the refreshing showers, nor evening dews. Nature, you have proved, is the best nurse; though the hand of art has done much for us, in circumstances where a regular heat and great attention are required. For instance, in this variable climate, we could not possess the many beautiful plants which grow in hot-houses, without the aid of their shelter, and the assistance of skilful gardeners. I will take this sprig of mignonette into the house, and show its beauties with the microscope: I think you will say it is as pretty as it is fragrant; after which, you must take your supper and go to bed, for we shall set off early in the morning on our journey into Hants.



About the middle of July, our travellers left their happy home, and soon forgot those objects of regret which they had left, in the pleasures they had in view. They passed through many towns; and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon encouraged the children to make remarks on every thing which was new to them. In the evenings, Frank wrote a kind of journal, with a short account of the places he had seen during the day.

As they approached the south of England, the children were surprised to see such a variety of wild flowers on the banks by the road side. There was the fox-glove in great perfection, valerians, veronicas, scabious, and many others, which,

in most parts of the north, are only met with in the gardens. Frank gathered a bunch of purple flowers with yellow stamens, which his papa told him was the deadly nightshade, whose tempting red berries had caused the death of many children, who had been so foolish as to taste them without knowing what they were. "It is a singular circumstance," said Mr. Vernon, "that most of the poisonous plants have their flowers of a dingy purple, or dull yellow colour; and often those colours are mixed in the same flower, as the nightshade and henbane, and they are all denominated the 'lurid plants?'"

The fields had now a most promising appearance: in some the heads of clover tinged the whole surface with a brilliant purple; in others, the wheat and other

kinds of grain, had acquired a golden tint from the heat of the sun. Here and there the gaudy poppy enlivened the scene; and large flights of birds were already hovering over the half-ripe corn, and feeding on the ears, in spite of the little boys whom the farmers send to frighten them away.

After travelling about a week, our party arrived at the gate of an extensive park; and half an hour's drive through it, brought them to a large and handsome mansion, which belonged to their uncle, Mr. Fielding. It was called Seaview, from its nearness to the ocean: it was within two miles of the sands, and the road lay through a romantic valley. The children had their first sight of the sea from the windows of the house, and were

lost in astonishment at the noble expanse of water, with vessels of all sizes sailing upon its surface. They expected much pleasure in seeing it nearer, as Mr. Vernon had promised them an excursion by water, and a visit to a large ship, before they left Hampshire.

Frank and Agnes were so obedient, so modest, and so quiet, that they became great favourites with their uncle and aunt, who took pleasure in amusing them. They had two little girls, called Marian and Laura, but they were too young to be companions for their cousins; though the latter often played with them, and contrived many little sports to please them. The rides and walks round Sea-view, were various and beautiful. Sometimes the two ladies drove to the sands, in a little carriage drawn by ponies; and

Frank and Agnes generally accompanied them. They usually left the carriage, and walked on the beach, while the children ran about and gathered shells, pebbles, or any marine plant they could find, which they collected in their baskets, to examine at leisure at home. One day, a fishing-boat came in; and as the fishermen drew the boat upon the sands, the children had an opportunity of seeing the fish they had caught. The men were so civil as to tell them the names of the different sorts. There were some lobsters; but Frank thought they were quite another kind of fish, for the lobsters he had seen on the table were of a fine red colour, and these were nearly black. The men told him, that this change was caused by boiling them. They showed him the bait, and gave him so much information

about catching fish, that when Mrs. Vernon came up, she gave them money as a return for their civility. When they got home, they put away their baskets, till their mamma had time to attend to its examination, and select such as she thought worth keeping.

The following morning being wet, Mrs. Vernon told the children to bring their treasures to her, and she proceeded to tell them the names of several shells and plants which they had gathered. Agnes fixed upon a plant with a pale green prickly leaf, and delicate flower. "That is the eryngo, or sea-holly," said her mamma: "it grows in the loose sand, all along this coast, and is much sought after by the druggists,

who get people to dig up the roots, which are long and small. These they boil in sugar, and sell as a healing medicine.” “Candied eringo is also a pleasant sweetmeat,” said Mrs. Fielding: “my young friends shall taste it;” and she desired the housekeeper to send up a plateful, which was much liked. Frank produced a sprig of a rich-looking green plant, which he had found in a cleft of the rock. He was told it was samphire, which is gathered from the cliffs where it generally grows, and is much esteemed as a pickle. “The cliffs of Dover,” said Mrs. Vernon, “are celebrated for samphire; and have been mentioned by Shakspeare, in the following lines from his play of ‘King Lear.’

‘ Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.’”

“Now,” said Frank, “I have a plant in my hand, which, I should think, will neither make a preserve nor a pickle.”
“Perhaps not,” replied his mamma; “but I can tell you, that that plant, which is called the ulva, makes a dish which many people esteem as a great dainty. On those coasts where it is plentiful, the poor people gather it, and boil it down to a kind of jelly, of a dark colour: it is then

put into small pots, and sent to London, and other places, for sale. In this state it is called laver; and is often seen at the tables of the luxurious. These fine fibrous sea-weeds, look very pretty when dried and spread upon paper; and I have seen landscapes filled up with them, in the form of trees, having the cottages or other objects painted in colours, and very pretty they are."

"This bunch of star-grass," said Agnes, "I gathered on the sand; and an old man, who was filling a large basket with it, told me its name. He said he took it home, and platted it into little baskets for children. He told us that he lived just behind the great rock; and that, if we would pay him a visit, he would show us many curiosities, found on the sands after great storms. Mrs. Vernon promised to

take them, some day, to purchase two or three of his baskets, before they left Sea-view. "That bunch of pink leaves with still darker veins, is a sea-weed, often introduced among groups of shells, on account of its beauty and delicacy. Here, Frank," continued his mother, "is a sea-weed as thick as a rope: you may save this to take home, it will serve as a weather-glass; for, when the air is dry, so is the plant; and when it becomes damp, so does the plant also. This plant, with thick, fleshy, brown leaves, is the *bladder fucus*. On the coast of Scotland it is gathered and made into *kelp*. Immense quantities are exported, as it is used by soap-boilers and dyers. Now for your shells: these sands do not afford any of value; and those pebbles which your aunt showed you in the cabinet, have

been cut and polished with great nicety, though I have no doubt they looked, when first found, as common as these. Her shells were all brought from the East and West Indies, where they are found just as you saw them, beautiful in colour, highly polished, and variously formed." "I wish we had such shells in this country, mamma," said Frank. "Be content with your own country, and its productions," returned his mamma: "when you have read a little more, you will find how many blessings we enjoy in this happy island, which the inhabitants of those hot countries are denied; and if they have fine shells, they have also many noxious reptiles to encounter, which we only know by name. This long, dark blue shell, is called a muscle-shell, and the fish it contains is very good to eat: it is much used for bait

to catch large fish. This scallop-edged shell once contained a cockle: this kind of shell-fish is caught in large quantities, and sold in the markets. That conical shell is a limpet, and here is the fish in it: they adhere so closely to their houses, that they can scarcely be taken out. This open side is fastened so strongly to the rocks, that the people who use them for bait, are obliged to cut them off with knives. This small, round shell, you might suppose to be a snail, it is so like one, but it is the periwinkle: when boiled, the little fish is taken out with a pin. But I must leave you now. As your aunt is going to visit an invalid friend to-morrow, I will take you to the gardens, and show you many things you cannot see at home.

The next morning, our two young friends were ready to attend their mamma to the gardens, at the hour appointed, and as they passed through the pleasure-ground, Frank said: "Mamma, I am glad you are with us; for I never like to go near the gardens when we are alone, because the head gardener looks so much at us, as if we came to steal his flowers or fruit. How different from our good-natured William at home." "I hope," said Mrs. Vernon, "you have not given him cause to be suspicious of you." "Oh no!" said Frank: "I am sure I should never think of touching any thing in this garden, when you know I never do it at home, where I have so many more oppor-

tunities." "I believe you, Frank," said his mother; "for I have ever found you perfectly honest. But come, we will speak to Maclaren. I have always considered him very civil, and I will tell him he need not fear your presence in the grounds." When they met the gardener, Mrs. Vernon said: "Well, Maclaren, I have brought my little boy and girl to see the gardens; and I hope you will treat them with a sight of the stoves and greenhouses: I will answer for them, that they will not touch any thing, as they have always been taught self-denial on these occasions." "I shall have much pleasure," said Maclaren, "in showing them all they wish to see; for I observed them when they were in the garden yesterday, and they did not touch even a gooseberry." Frank whispered to Agnes, "He had been

watching us, then!" and Mrs. Vernon having asked the gardener some questions, encouraged him to relate the reason of his being at Seaview; as he was an elderly man, and had lived many years with a family of her acquaintance, who were not likely to part with him, after he had served them so long. As he thought the story might be a lesson to the children, he drew their attention, by saying, that ill-behaved children are the cause of more mischief than they are aware of: "for," said he, "I should, no doubt, have finished my days in the family of my late good master, but for a set of young people, who, without wishing it, contrived to send me from my place.

"You must know, madam," continued he, "that the children at Elm Grove, from

the eldest to the youngest, (and there were ten of them,) were brought up without control; and as soon as they could run as far as the gardens, they were always in them during the fruit-season. They gathered what they liked, ripe or unripe, and always carried away whatever flowers they chose to pull in pieces. At last the young gentlemen went to school, and the young ladies had a governess. Now, thought I, my vexations will surely end. But no such thing: the ladies paid a daily visit to the gardens, and though the governess was with them, she had no power over them, out of the school-room. When their brothers came home in the holidays, they devoured all they could get: even my best bunches of grapes, and finest peaches, did not escape. At last I told their papa, and he said: 'Poor

fellows! they get no fruit at school: our gardens are large, and there is plenty of fruit for every one.' The governess, also, complained of her pupils with the same success; for their mamma said, it was very little fruit that the girls could consume. Then the younger children demolished my moss-roses, hyacinths, and tulips. I grew peevish, and threatened every year to leave my place; but, rather than change, I looked forward to the time when my tormentors would be older and wiser. But still no amendment: the young ladies became their own mistresses, the governess left them, and they had a room fitted up, with many large vases for flowers, and every morning these were filled with fresh flowers of the rarest kinds: even my camelias and myrtles were not spared. Then came orders for a basket

of the finest fruit, for the ladies' luncheon; and, more than once, I have been obliged to cut a noble pine for this purpose, which I had saved for company. Then came the young gentlemen from riding, and repaired to the stoves, and helped themselves; so I could bear it no longer, and I told my master the reason why I wished to leave him. He urged me to stay, but at the same time said, he could not promise a reform amongst his young people. However, I was determined to go: my master gave me a good character, and procured me this place, where I enjoy the credit of sending as fine fruit to table, as any gardener in the country; and my little Master and Miss here, will see how much I admire WELL-BEHAVED CHILDREN."

The party now entered the hot-house; and the gardener told the children the

botanical names of several plants, which they could neither understand nor remember; but their mamma pointed out to them such as she thought would most interest them, and gave them the English names. Frank soon recognized his old acquaintances, the balsams, which were in full bloom, and made a most splendid appearance. A great many stately aloes, with their thick, fleshy leaves, drew his attention; and Maclaren showed him one, which does not put forth flowers till it is an hundred years old. Most of them are natives of Africa, where they grow to an enormous height, and these bear flowers annually. But the first-mentioned aloe is a native of America, where, even in its own country, it is many years in coming to maturity. "Oh, mamma!" said Agnes,

“here are oranges growing on trees, and quite ripe too.” “They are great deceptions, Miss,” said the gardener; “for their size and colour will pass, but their taste is far from good: they acquire no flavour here, and are never juicy; but the whole plant has much beauty. You will please to observe, buds, flowers, and fruit, are all at one time on the tree.”

There were also some lemon-trees, with fruit as pretty to behold as the oranges, but quite as useless. They all grew in large tubs. But Mrs. Vernon told them, that in Spain and Portugal, whence we receive most of this fruit, the trees grow in large groves and plantations, and fill the air with the scent of their blossoms.

Frank had the pleasure of seeing both a tea-tree and a coffee-tree: the former a small shrub with white flowers, some-

thing like a wild rose; and the latter had some berries upon it, but they were green; and Mrs. Vernon told him they acquired a dark-brown colour from being roasted, before they are ground into powder.

“Touch this plant gently, Agnes,” said Mrs. Vernon. “It moves,” said Agnes.

“Yes, my dear, it has that extraordinary property of receding from the touch: it is called the sensitive plant, and when you learn botany you will have an account of it.

Here is another very curious plant, called Venus’s fly-trap: it is a native of America.

The trap is placed at the end of each leaf, in the form of two crescents, which are spread open, and the instant a fly or other insect alights upon it, they spring together, and squeeze the poor animal to death. Nor do they open again till the in-

sect is quite decayed, and its juices absorbed by the leaves. So various are the wonderful works of nature," continued Mrs. Vernon, "that you will be constantly meeting with something new, to excite your wonder, and to remind you, that only the great Creator of the universe could form them; and though the works of art are greatly to be admired, they can never be compared with these."

The gardener, (with their mamma's leave,) presented the children with a fine bunch of grapes, saying, they deserved a reward for their good behaviour.

The hot-houses were lined with vines and other fruit-trees, and the purple and white grapes hung in rich bunches from the glass roof: the red-cheeked peach, the golden apricot, and the delicious nectarine, all combined to render

the hot-houses a charming scene; and in large beds of bark in the centre, was growing, in all its luxuriance, the golden-fruited pine-apple, with its verdant crown rising up amidst a forest of stiff, spiky leaves. Added to these, were a number of fine and curious plants, which required a great degree of heat; and after inspecting them, the party entered the greenhouse, which was entirely filled with plants from all parts of the world. Here the myrtles, with their bright, polished leaves and white flowers, were mixed with a variety of geraniums, covered with blossoms of the most brilliant hue. The rich scent from the Arabian jessamine and other perfumed plants, rendered the air delightful. A variety of heaths, from different countries, were nicely arranged, with other plants in full bloom; and monthly

roses, from the palest pink to the darkest crimson, presented their ever-blooming flowers to the sight; and the children were lost in admiration, at the variety brought together in so small a space. The roof and sides of the building were covered with the most elegant trailing plants: the passion-flower showed its noble blossoms; and the sweet-scented clematis twined its slender branches around some pillars, which served as a support to the weaker climbers.

On leaving the green-house, the children were attracted to the side of a pond, at a little distance from it, and, to their great delight, saw a multitude of gold and silver fishes, sporting in the clear water, and dipping, at intervals, under the patches of white and yellow water-lilies, which grew in the pond, and floated

on its surface. A more elegant flower than the white water-lily can scarcely be imagined: its pure blossoms, contrasted with the large green leaves, excite the admiration of the beholders. Besides the lilies, there were several other aquatic plants, which Frank and Agnes had never seen before; and, to complete their pleasure, the gardener threw some crumbs of bread into the water, when the fish came to the surface, caught them, and glided away amongst the plants. While the children were watching their motions, the bell summoned their mamma to the house; and, after thanking Maclaren for his civility, they accompanied her, much pleased with their morning's amusement.

Another day Mrs. Vernon called the children to take a walk in the pleasure-grounds, which were very extensive; and here she pointed out to them many trees and shrubs which are seldom seen in northern counties, on account of the difference of the climate. There was the stately tulip-tree: (which in America attains an enormous height:) it was crowned with its numerous flowers, formed like a tulip, and of a pale-green colour. The rhododendrons and azaleas had lost their beautiful flowers; but Frank could observe to what a size they grew in Hampshire, in comparison with those in his mamma's flower-garden at home. "This shrub, you know, Frank, is the bladder

senna," said his mamma. "Hark! when I squeeze the pod between my fingers, it makes a sound like your pop-gun. The pods are the seed-vessels; but there are still some of its yellow flowers left. We will now enter the flower-garden, where we shall see a variety of autumnal flowers coming into blossom."

The children thought this the prettiest part of Seaview. The smooth lawn, the numerous flower-beds, of different forms; the stages of hardy green-house plants, brought here for the summer; the trellis covered with roses and carnations;—all combined to form a scene of great beauty. "We are so apt," said Mrs. Vernon, "to be attracted by the most showy plants and flowers, that we pass by many a humble beauty, which would perhaps bear ex-

aming better than their more stately neighbours. Here is a little flower, Agnes: what do you call it?" "The heartsease, mamma." "The pansy," said Frank. "It is properly called the *viola tricolor*," said their mamma: "observe how admirably blended is the rich purple with the pale yellow of its petals, or coloured leaves. That dark crimson flower, with its black eye, is called the *flos Adonis*, or pheasant's eye, from its supposed resemblance to the eye of that fine bird. What a variety of pinks in this border! They are differently named; but this crimson pink is the clove-pink, from which a syrup is expressed by some people, and used medicinally. These stock gillyflowers, both double and single, are very fragrant as well as pretty; and this double wallflower well deserves a place here.

You know how ornamental the single ones are, growing on the tops of old walls, or in the cottager's garden. That tall, stately plant, which even overlooks some of the shrubs, is a hollyhock: its large spikes of flowers are numerous and showy. It is one of our chief autumnal beauties. These golden rods and hoary mulleins, with their yellow blossoms, all contribute to the general beauty of the gardens at this season. Now, children," said their mamma, "I think you must be able to tell me the names of these annuals, which you have seen so often at home."

They pointed out the African groundsel, the convolvulus, and many others. But what pleased them most was a walk from the flower-garden to a summer-house, on each side of which was a hedge of dahlias, of every colour and shade, in

full bloom. Mrs. Vernon observed, that the flower of this plant is three times as large in America; (its native country;) that the roots are tuberous, like potatoes; and in that country are sometimes used as food, but are not considered nutritious. The alcove in which they now stood, was entirely composed of ferns; (having been made of a stack of those plants, which, when perfectly solid, was scooped out, and formed the walls and roof;) a table was fixed in the middle, and a rustic bench surrounded it. On the outside, the alcove was nearly concealed by a clump of tall trees, which so excluded the beams of the sun, that, on a hot summer day, this shady bower was a welcome resting-place to those who strolled in the plantations.

From this place our party passed

through the park, and admired the oaks, now loaded with acorns; and the spreading limes, with their beautiful foliage. The deer were bounding after each other, amongst the trees; and the children were so much delighted, that Mrs. Vernon said, she feared they would be sorry to hear that their papa intended to set off, on their journey homeward, in three days.

“Oh no,” said Frank: “I shall be sorry to leave this fine place; but then I have so many things at home, that I shall be pleased to see again, that I shall never regret any thing I leave here, or feel discontented; though I shall be happy to return to Seaview again, some day.” Mrs. Vernon was pleased with his answer; and she added, that their papa had a

treat for them on the next day, if the weather proved fine, which was to take them on board a large ship of war, which at that time lay in the bay. Frank and his sister were highly pleased: it was the greatest delight they had ever anticipated; at least, it had all the attractions of novelty for them, and they finished the day in talking of their expected pleasure.

The much-wished-for morning arrived; the sun shone in all its lustre; the air was calm, but still there was sufficient to make an excursion on the water agreeable. The children were ready before the rest of the party, and took their station at a window in the hall, till the car-

riage drove up, to take the ladies down to the beach, accompanied by the gentlemen on horseback. They soon alighted on the sands, where they beheld a pleasure-boat, into which the children were carried by the sailors: soon the waves bore them from the shore, and the land receded from their view. Agnes remained beside her mamma and aunt; but Frank entered into conversation with the sailors, who were very intelligent, and gave him much information about the use of the oars; but a breeze springing up, they laid them aside, and unfurled a sail, when the boat cut through the waves more rapidly, and astonished our young sailors by the quickness of its motion.

A great number of sea-gulls and coots alighted on the surface of the water, and rode upon the waves, to the great delight

of Frank, who had read of these sea-birds in his natural history. The sailors told him of a great variety, which they had seen in foreign countries, at a great distance from land. "Our sea-birds generally build amongst the rocks," said Mr. Vernon; "and notwithstanding the risk they encounter in seeking for them, the poor people rob their nests of the eggs. And gentlemen also often take much delight in shooting among the rocks, from their boats, for the sole pleasure of dispersing the poor birds, which fly in all directions, making a hideous noise; and those which are wounded, drop into the sea, and are drowned." Frank thought this a very cruel sport, as the birds were of no use to any one when killed, and his papa commended these humane feelings. The party were fast approaching the ship,

at the size of which, on coming so near, the children were astonished; and when the boat drew close to the side, the whole party, one by one, were drawn up in a kind of chair, and landed on the deck. They were received by the captain, who showed them all over the ship, and introduced Frank to some boys not much older than himself, who were the youngest officers, called midshipmen, and they explained to him many things which had excited his surprise. Frank smiled when they took him to a gallery outside the cabin-windows, to see their garden, which consisted of some large boxes filled with earth, in which grew some lettuces, radishes, and cabbages, which were not in the most flourishing state; but Frank was convinced, that on a long voyage, even these vegetables would afford a

treat to those who could not procure better.

In the captain's cabin a collation was served to the party, which consisted of a variety of rich sweetmeats, and dried fruits from foreign climes; and to render it more complete, the captain had ordered a band of music to play during the entertainment. The cabin was furnished with taste and elegance, and ornamented with stuffed birds of the most brilliant plumage, India cabinets of beautiful shells and pebbles, all collected by the captain, in his different voyages; and so enchanted was Frank, that he forgot his delight in country amusements, and whispered to his papa, that he should prefer a sailor's life to any other. Mr. Vernon told the captain, and he said, "You have only seen us, my little fellow, in our very

best circumstances: let me advise you to read a few voyages, and make yourself acquainted with some of the hardships of a sailor's life, before you decide; but should you really wish, a few years hence, to try a voyage, I shall be happy to take you in my ship."

It was now time to depart; and before the captain took leave of the children, he begged Mrs. Vernon to allow Frank to accept of a fine African perroquet, which he presented to him in its gilt cage, with directions for its proper treatment. Frank thanked him again and again for this acquisition to his live stock. Agnes was not less pleased with the captain's gift of a delicate little humming-bird, sitting in its pretty nest, both together not larger than a walnut: the plumage was bright yellow; and the nest formed of a silky

down, gathered from American plants. The bird was nicely stuffed, and the whole enclosed in a painted box.

The boat conveyed our party safely to the beach, where the carriage waited to convey them to Seaview; and the children retired to rest, happy in the recollection of their past enjoyment. But before he went to bed, Frank took care that his African friend had food and water, and saw the cage hung in an airy situation: he also gave the bird the name of *Captain*, in remembrance of his kind friend.

Two months had rapidly passed away, when Mr. Vernon's carriage drove to the door, to take the family homewards; and

it was not without a few tears, that the children took leave of their kind uncle and aunt, and of their little cousins. Neither were they suffered to depart, without a pressing invitation to visit Seaview again the following summer. So much were Frank and Agnes esteemed for their good behaviour, that they had a large collection of books, toys, and other gifts from their friends; together with the feathered Captain, and a basket of flower-roots and seeds, which the gardener had collected for Frank's garden the next spring: a plain proof that he had conducted himself with propriety in the gardens at Seaview.

As they drove along, Frank observed what a change appeared in the country, since their former journey: the corn-fields

were stripped of their beautiful crops, and nothing left but the stubble. The wild flowers on the banks were all decayed, and in their place appeared the berries of the wild rose, and of the hawthorn. The bramble-bushes were covered with dark purple fruit; and the deadly nightshade showed its scarlet-coloured, but poisonous fruit, amongst the half-withered leaves and stalks. Clusters of nuts hung on the hazel-trees; and the red-cheeked crab appeared more tempting to the sight than agreeable to the taste, as Frank experienced, on gathering some, when walking up a hill. His papa told him that the country people use them to make a liquor called verjuice, which they substitute for vinegar.

The orchards they passed were loaded with apples and pears; and Frank thought

they looked more beautiful now than a few months before, when crowned with their blossoms. "This should teach you, Frank," said Mrs. Vernon, "that every season of the year has its pleasures and varieties, and even each month has something new to recommend it to our notice."

When the children came in view of their own home, their joy was unbounded; and soon they visited each well-known place, paid a visit to every room, and examined every book and toy which they had left. They flew to the garden, where Frank's old friend William appeared, delighted to see him, and led the way to the little garden, where he had cultivated some autumnal flowers, to gratify him on his return home. In the place of his peas, beans, and potatoes, he saw convolvuluses, China asters, ice-plants, mignon-

ette, &c. Frank gave the seeds and roots from Seaview into his charge; and also a present, which he had been allowed to purchase for him on his journey.

They paid a visit to the rabbit-house, and found all well there; and Agnes described her Bantam hen, followed by a brood of chickens. On returning to the house, the children arranged their new books and toys. Frank hung Captain's cage in a window in the school-room; and Mrs. Vernon told them, that if the bird took their attention from their lessons, she should order it to be removed to another room; but her pupils promised fair, and she consented to its remaining.

The next day saw the children seated in the school-room, at their lessons; and not till they were over, did Frank lift his eyes to the cage. His papa gave him a

book, in which he desired him to write a little history of his journey; and, with some instruction at the beginning, he went on pretty well, and wrote a page or two every day. He went with his sister to the flower-garden, where they found all the flowers of the season which they had seen at Seaview. The periwinkles and winter cherries covered the ground, and the everlasting peas twined round many of the shrubs: a variety of the asters called Michaelmas daisies, eternal flowers, and mignonette, filled up the vacancies left by the flowers of summer. The kitchen-garden began to look dreary: the fruit-trees were half clothed with brown and yellow leaves, the gooseberry and currant-bushes showed only their leafless branches, the vegetables had left

many naked beds behind them; and a few scarlet beans, and the red berries of the asparagus, were the only ornaments which were left on the ground. The kitchen-herbs had been all cut down, and taken to the house, to dry for winter use. The parsnips, carrots, and beet-roots still remained in the ground; but a few weeks would see them also housed for the winter.

Frank was surprised to see the enormous pumpkins and gourds, the seeds of which, a few months before, he had helped to sow. Some fine scarlet tomatoes grew against the wall, which are used in some dishes in this country; but are commonly eaten by the natives of Spain and Italy, as salads are with us. The trenches filled with the green tops of celery, the endive and lettuces, the winter spinach,

and a variety of the cabbage tribe, seemed prepared to face the wind and storms of winter. The children proceeded to the orchard, where they found William gathering the produce of the different trees. Frank was allowed to assist him; and he knew how to arrange the various sorts by themselves, in a room for the purpose, where the nonpareils, the Ribston pippins, the golden rennets, and other eating-apples, were laid on shelves, and the baking-apples laid in heaps on the floor. The winter pears, the quinces, walnuts, medlars, and filberts, being all stored, Frank began to turn his thoughts to the comforts and pleasures which were to be found within doors; and when he beheld the leafless trees, and the despoiled fields, he felt happy in having a comfortable home, kind parents,

and a lively companion in his sister. All the winter amusements, which were judged proper for them, they participated in; and when Agnes had played a game at nine-pins with her brother, he would assist her to arrange her play-things and books, and to put her dissected maps together.

One day, Mrs. Vernon received a large packet of flower-roots from a friend in Holland. She called the children, to show them how she planted them; and, to their great surprise, instead of putting them in pots of earth, she placed each root in the mouth of a long glass made for the purpose, which was filled with water, and placed upon the chimney-piece. In a few days, the fibrous roots grew down into the wa-

ter, and a green shoot appeared at the top. Mrs. Vernon told Frank, she hoped they would produce fine hyacinths early in February, which would be more than two months before they flower in the garden; besides affording the pleasure of watching their growth, and yielding their fragrance for a considerable time.

The month of December returned, and with it came the birth-day of Frank. A holiday was announced to the children; and Mr. Vernon presented Frank with a very pretty writing-desk, as a reward for his attention to his lessons, since the last birth-day. Frank thanked his papa for this welcome gift; and, on examination, he found his desk contained paper, pens, ink, and all the materials for writing. His mamma also gave him the well-chosen present of "Bingley's Useful Knowledge,"

one of the most instructive books of the kind ever published for youth; and even the little Agnes was not without her gift of a pretty silver pencil on this happy occasion. In the evening, the children were asked to drink tea with their papa and mamma, when a plum-cake appeared, and Agnes asked her mamma to tell her where the currants and raisins came from, which she observed in this birth-day treat. Mrs. Vernon, ever willing to answer the questions of her children, particularly on subjects which lead to the acquisition of knowledge, said she was most willing to give them all the information they wished. "Raisins," continued Mrs. Vernon, "are chiefly brought from the south of Europe: they are the produce of the vine, and you know, before they are dried, are called grapes. They are left on the trees, till

they become very ripe: they are then gathered, and sometimes laid in the sun, and sometimes put into ovens to dry. The largest and finest sorts are packed in boxes for exportation, to be used at deserts in winter; and the more common kinds are used for cakes and puddings.

“Currants are a very small kind of grape, which have no stones, and are of a red or black colour: they grow in all the Grecian islands, but particularly in Zante. The currant-harvest begins in August, when they are plucked from the trees, and dried upon a floor, then packed in cases for the continent; and I have heard that the people of Great Britain consume most of them, for the islanders, who send them to us, know nothing of Christmas pies and plum puddings.

“Citron and spices, which have added

to the richness of this cake, are all procured from the East and West Indies. Citron is the produce of a small ever-green shrub: the fruit is oblong, very green, and has a thick rind: it is rather acid, and is seldom eaten in a raw state; but, when preserved with sugar and dried, is much used by the confectioners. The cinnamon, clove, nutmeg, and mace, with other aromatics, you will find a very good account of, Frank, in a volume of 'Useful Knowledge:' and that your curiosity may lead you to read the history of their growth, I will not say any more on the subject. Do you know, Agnes," said her mamma, "what the liquid which you are now drinking is extracted from?" "Yes, mamma: it is tea." "And what is tea?" "I know," said Frank: "it is the dried leaf of a tree growing in China." "Yes,

my dear; and it is a principal article of commerce with the Chinese, who send it to all parts of the world. The tea-shrub grows about five or six feet in height: the leaves are long and small, and the flowers something like a wild rose. The natives gather the leaves when they are young and juicy, dry them in the sun, or on hot plates, and pack them in boxes to export. There are several varieties of the tea-tree; but the bohea or black tea, and the hyson or green tea, are most commonly known.

“Coffee is not so much used as tea in this country; but it is the common beverage of the inhabitants of Arabia, where the best coffee grows, and it is considered a very wholesome and refreshing drink. The coffee-trees grow from fifteen to twenty feet high: the leaves are ever-

green; the flowers white and sweet-scented: the fruit is of an oval shape, about the size of a cherry, and of a dark red colour: each of these contains two seeds, which is the coffee as we have it previous to roasting, which process it undergoes in England; and you know it is ground into powder before we use it. The West India Islands also produce coffee, but it is an inferior sort to that of the eastern countries."

Agnes said, she hoped that her mamma would be so good as to tell her how sugar is procured, as she thought it made so many good things.

Mrs. Vernon proceeded to say, that the sugar-cane grows in the form of a jointed reed, eight or nine feet high; and in August the planters cut them down, take the leaves from them, cut the stalks in pieces

and bruise them in a mill: then they boil the juice in large caldrons several times over, till it becomes thick, and separates from the coarse part, which is called molasses or treacle. After all this has drained off, the dry part, which is now the raw sugar, is packed in large casks, and sent to all the quarters of the globe. "You, children," said she, "well know to what a variety of uses it is put: your fruit-pies and puddings would not be so palatable without its assistance. The white or loaf sugar, is merely the raw sugar refined by a particular process, in our own country, and put into moulds of a conical form to dry. The West Indies produce nearly all the sugar that is consumed; and it is in the sugar-plantations that so many slaves are employed. After what I have told you, my dear children," said Mrs.

Vernon, "you may perceive how very dependant we are upon other nations for the luxuries of life: for instance, you could not have enjoyed this evening treat, had we not procured tea from China, coffee from Arabia, sugar from the West Indies, raisins from Spain or Portugal, and currants from the Grecian islands. We ought to be much obliged to those who brave the dangers of the seas, to bring us all these dainties."

"But," said Frank, "our own country has furnished us with part of our entertainment: here are bread, butter, and cream." "You are right," said his papa: "always stand up for your own country, which can afford us sufficient for all the necessaries of life. But our intercourse with other parts of the world, furnishes employment to thousands, who go in

search of those articles of commerce, which, from custom, are almost become necessary to us."

After tea, Mrs. Vernon showed the children the plates in several fine botanical works which she possessed; and Frank was so much pleased with the sight of them, and had so great a wish to know something of their history, that he asked his mamma if she thought him old enough to begin the study of botany. Mrs. Vernon replied, that as it was his own desire, she did not doubt but he was old enough to learn the rudiments of botany; and she promised to assist him as much as she could.

"In another year, Frank," said she, "your papa intends to send you to school. In the mean time, we will endeavour to make some progress in our

new lessons. We shall not be long in want of fresh subjects: we have already the Chinese rose, and the laurestinus; and, in another month, you will see the crocus, snowdrop, and aconite, which will serve for examples, till fine weather brings us a greater variety. I shall procure ‘Mrs. Wakefield’s Introduction to Botany,’ (which is a very good one,) and ‘Dr. Thornton’s Grammar of Botany,’ from which we shall derive much assistance; and I hope the contemplation of the beauties of nature, will always inspire you with a veneration for the Great Creator of such inimitable beauties, to which the works of art can never be compared.”

THE END.







